Ile muſter vp my friends and meete your grace,
Where, and what time, your Maieſtie ſhall pleaſe.
King. I, I, thou wouldſt be gone to ioyne with Richmond,
I will not truſt you Sir.
Dar. Moſt mightie Soueraigne,
You haue no cauſe to hold my friendſhip doubtfull,
I neuer was, nor neuer will be falſe.
King. Well, go muſter men, but heere you, leaue behinde,
Your ſonne George Stanlie, looke your faith be firme,
Or elſe, his heads aſſurance is but fraile.
Dar. So deale with him, as I prooue true to you.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. My gracious ſoueraigne, now in Deuonſhire,
As I by friends am well aduertiſed,
Sir William Courtney, and the hanghtie Prelate,
Biſhop of Exeter, his brother there,
With many mo confiderates, are in armes.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſ. My Liege, in Kent the Guilfordes are in armes,
And euery houre more competitors,
Flocke to their aide, and ſtill their power increaſeth.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſ. My Lord, the armie of the Duke of Buckingham.

He ſtriketh him.

King. Out on you owles, nothing but ſongs of death.
Take that vntill thou bring me better newes.
Meſ. Your grace miſtakes, the newes I bring is good,
My newes is, that by ſudden floud, and fall of water,
The Duke of Buckinghams armie is diſperſt and ſcattered,
And he himſelfe fled, no man knowes whither.
King. O I crie you mercie, I did miſtake,
Ratcliffe reward him, for the blow I gaue him,
Hath any well aduiſed friend giuen out,
Rewards for him that brings in Buckingham.
Meſ. Such proclamation hath bene made my liege.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſ. Sir Thomas Louel, and Lord Marques Dorſet,
Tis ſaid my Liege, are vp in armes,

Yet this good comfort bring I to your grace,
The Brittaine nauie is diſperſt, Richmond in Dorſhire
Sent out a boate to aske them on the ſhore,
If they were his aſſiſtants yea, or no:
Who anſwered him, they came from Buckingham,
Vpon his partie, he miſtrufting them,
Hoiſt ſaile, and made away for Brittaine.
King. March on, march on, ſince we are vp in armes,
If not to fight with forreine enemies,
Yet to beate downe, theſe rebels here at home.

Enter Catesby.

Cat. My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken,
Thats the beſt newes, that the Earle of Richmond,
Is with a mightie power landed at Milford,
Is colder tidings, yet they muſt be told.
King. Away towards Salisburie, while we reaſon here,
A royall battell might be wonne and loſt.
Some one take order Buckingham be brought,
To Salisburie, the reſt march on with me.

Enter Darbie, Sir Chriſtopher.

Dar. Sir Chriſtopher, tell Richmond this from me,
That in the ſtie of this moſt bloudie bore,
My ſonne George Stanley is franckt vp in hold,
If I reuolt, off goes young Georges head,
The feare of that, withholds my preſent aide,
But tell me, where is princely Richmond now?
Chriſt. At Pembroke, or at Herford-weſt in Wales.
Dar. What men of name reſort to him.
S. Chriſt. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowmed ſouldier,
Sir Gilbert Talbot, ſir William Stanlie,
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, ſir Iames Blunt,
Rice vp Thomas, with a valiant crew.
With many moe of noble fame and worth,
And towards London they do bend their courſe,
If by the way, they be not fought withall.
Dar. Returne vnto my Lord, commend me to him,
Tell him, the Queene hath hartilie conſented,
He ſhall eſpouſe Elizabeth her daughter.